

"went mad and melancholic" when separated from their calves.

I've seen these beeves. They are like all cattle. Our observers are misinterpreting ordinary bovine behavior.

However, I felt the flavor of the meat was a bit off. I recommend further experimentation.

(Quotation, second stanza: M. Benedikt,
"The Meat Epitaph")

"KALASHNIKOV" STREET

My neighbor makes the best sub-machine guns on our street. I do not dispute his mastery of this art.

But there is a time for machine guns and a time for shotguns ... and I make the best.

Look! with its short barrels and pistol grip stock, how easy to conceal!! Beneath a loose shirt, you can't see it at all!

Machine guns are fine — for ambush at medium range, but my shotguns do for surprise, close-up — individual.

I am proud to work on the Street. Everyone here makes guns and everyone here is a master of the trade.

We make purse guns, revolvers, automatics, assault rifles (best in the country!), heavy machine guns, mortars and more.

We make, sell and use these guns because custom mandates revenge and revenge demands guns.

It is the custom, also, to build high towers. If we are offended by a man and he hides, we climb the tower and wait.

Sooner or later, we get a clear shot. My father "went to the tower" for a whole year once. This is hard on a man.

Watching, watching, watching is labor, The towers are hot during the day, freezing at night.

My father suffered as the stylite saints of old suffered but he got results. Now, Outsider, see how it is with us:

the army stays away: no conscription. The tax collector stays away: no taxes. The police stay away: no jails.

We are free. Custom has done this. Guns have done this. I am proud of my culture, my trade, my colleagues,
my street.

No place is Paradise (pardon, God: the idea is blasphemy!): but, as for myself, I would not live anyplace else.

PERSPECTIVE

i.

This is a drawing of a man drawing a nude woman. She lies on a table with her legs towards him. Seated at the other end of the table, the man views her through a large grid, like a barred convent window. He sights her over a thin obelisk and draws what he sees on a gridded paper, square by square. He is concentrated, precise. She is self-contained, seemingly unaware of his presence. Her genitals are covered with drapery. The cloth has hard metallic folds that compliment her soft, mollusk body.

ii.

The Coast Guard boat blows its horn again and again. The wake breaking across its bow indicates movement toward the beach. Yet seen at this distance, head-on, it appears not to move at all. The people on the beach don't notice the boat. They move through the water and across the beach, oblivious. The boat blows its horn over and over again. Because of the extreme foreshortened view, the boat seems neither to approach nor retreat but to remain in a place beyond sensing. The boat sounds its horn insistently.

iii.

Very young children cannot appreciate the effects of perspective. Some children never develop this faculty. Such a child watched his father board a plane. As the plane took to the air, the child grew progressively more anxious, finally panicked. To the child's understanding, his father was actually becoming smaller and smaller, at last vanishing entirely. Even the most familiar of perspective effects, i.e.: the "growth" of telephone poles as they are approached, gives their world an odd